

*Prin.* Faith, tell me now in earnest, how came Falstaffs sword so hackt?

*Peto.* Why, hee hackt it with his dagger, and said he would sweare truth out of England, but hee would make you beleue it was done in fight, and perswaded vs to do thelike.

*Car.* Yea, and to tickle our noses with speare-grasse, to make them bleede, and then to beslobber our garments with it, and sweare it was the blond of true men. I did that I did not this seuen yeere before, I blusht to heare his monstrous demises.

*Prin.* O villaine thou stolest a cup of sacke eightene yeeres ago, and wert taken with the maner, & euer since thou hast blusht extempore, thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou ranst away: what instinct hadst thou for it?

*Bar.* My Lord, do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations?

*Prince* I do.

*Bar.* What thinke you they portend?

*Prin.* Hot liuers, and cold purfes.

*Bar.* Choler, my Lord, if rightly taken.

*Enter Falstaffe.*

*Prin.* No, if rightly taken, halter. Here comes leane Iacke, here comes bare-bone: how now my sweete creature of bumbast, how long is't ago, Iacke, since thou saw'st thine owne knee?

*Fal.* My owne knee? when I was about thy yeeres (Hal) I was not an Eagles talent in the waste: I could haue crept into any Aldermans thumbe ring: a plague of sighing and grieve, it blowes a man vp like a bladder. Ther's villanous newes abroad, heere was sir Iohn Bracy from your father: you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the North, Percy, & he of Wales, that gaue Amamon the bastinado, & made Lucifer cuckold, and swore the diuell his true liegeman vpon the crosse of a Welch hooke: what a plague call you him?

*Poines* O, Glendower.

*Fal.* Owen, Owen, the same, and his sonne in law Mortimer, and olde Northumberland, and the sprightie Scot of Scottes, Dowglas, that runnes a horse-backe vp a hill perpendicular.

*Prin.* He that rides at high speede, and with a pistoll killles a sparrow flying,

*Falst.* You haue hit it.

*Prince* So did he neuer the sparrow.

*Falst.* Well, that rascall hath good mettall in him, hee will not runne.

*Prince* Why what a rascall art thou then, to praise him so for running?

*Falst.* A horsebacke (ye cuckoe) but afoote he will not budge afoote.

*Prince* Yes Iacke, vpon instinct.

*Falst.* I grant ye, vpon instinct: well, he is there too, and one Mordacke, and a thousand blew caps more. Worcester is stolne away to night, thy fathers beard is turnd white with the newes, you may buy land now as cheape as stinking mackrell.

*Prince* Then tis like, if there come a hote lunc, and this ciuill buffering hold, we shal buy maidenheads as they buy hobnailes, by the hundreds.

*Falst.* By the masse lad, thou saist true, it is like wee shall haue good trading that way: but tell me Hal, art not thou horribly afraid: thou being heire apparant, could the world picke thee out three such enemies againe, as that fiend Dowglas, that spirit Percy, and that diuell Glendower? art not thou horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

*Prince* Not a whit yfaith, I lacke some of thy instinct.

*Falst.* VVell, thou wilt be horribly chidde to morrow when thou comest to thy father: if thou doe loue me, practise an answer.

*Prince* Doe thou stand for my father, and examine me vpon the particulars of my life.

*Falst.* Shall I? content: this chaire shall be my state, this dagger my scepter, and this cushion my crowne.

*Prince* Thy state is taken for a ioynd stoole, thy golden scepter for a leaden dagger, and thy pretious rich crowne, for a pittifull balde crowne.

*Falst.* VVell, and the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be mooued. Give mee a cuppe of sacke to make mine eyes looke redde, that it may be thought I haue wept, for I must speake in passion, and I will doe it, in King Cambyses vaine.

